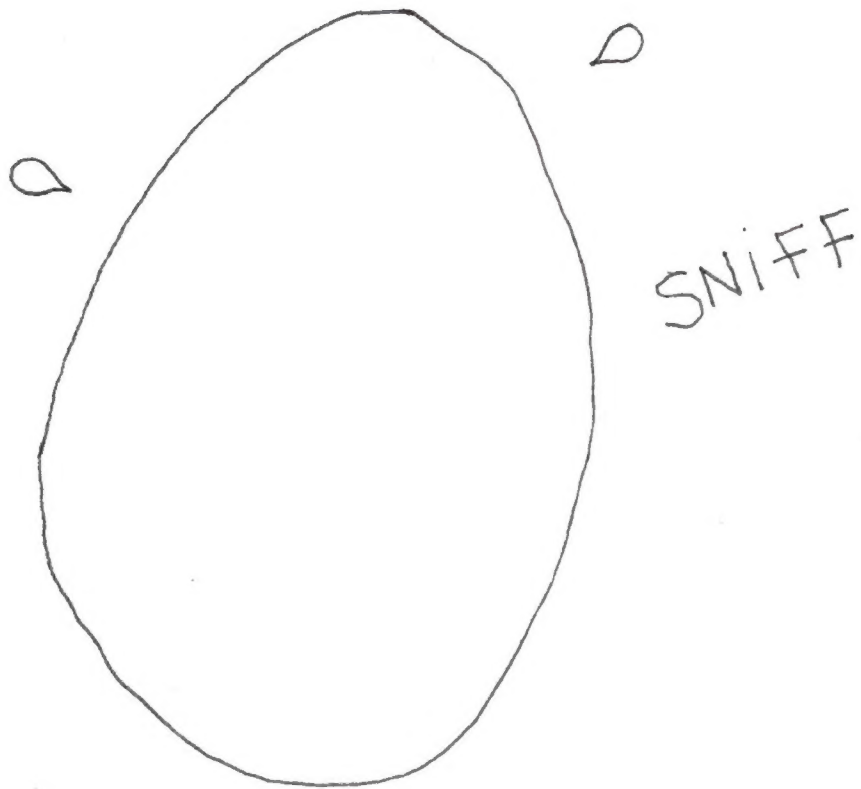
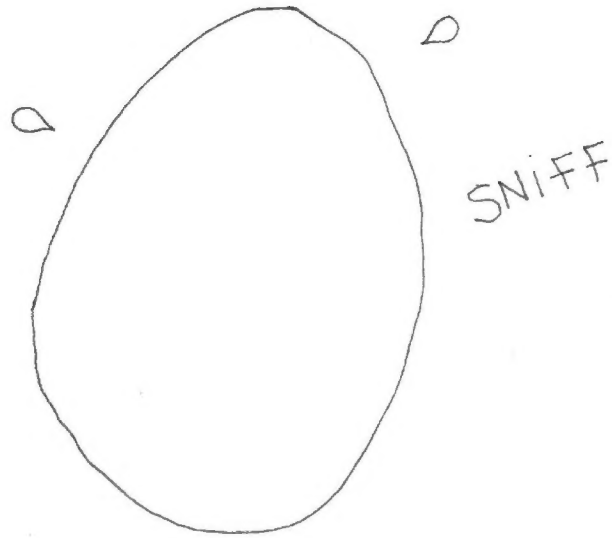


A PLAIN OLD EGG

Poems and Drawings



BY D. S. ROGERS



A PLAIN OLD EGG

Poems and Drawings

By D.S. Rogers

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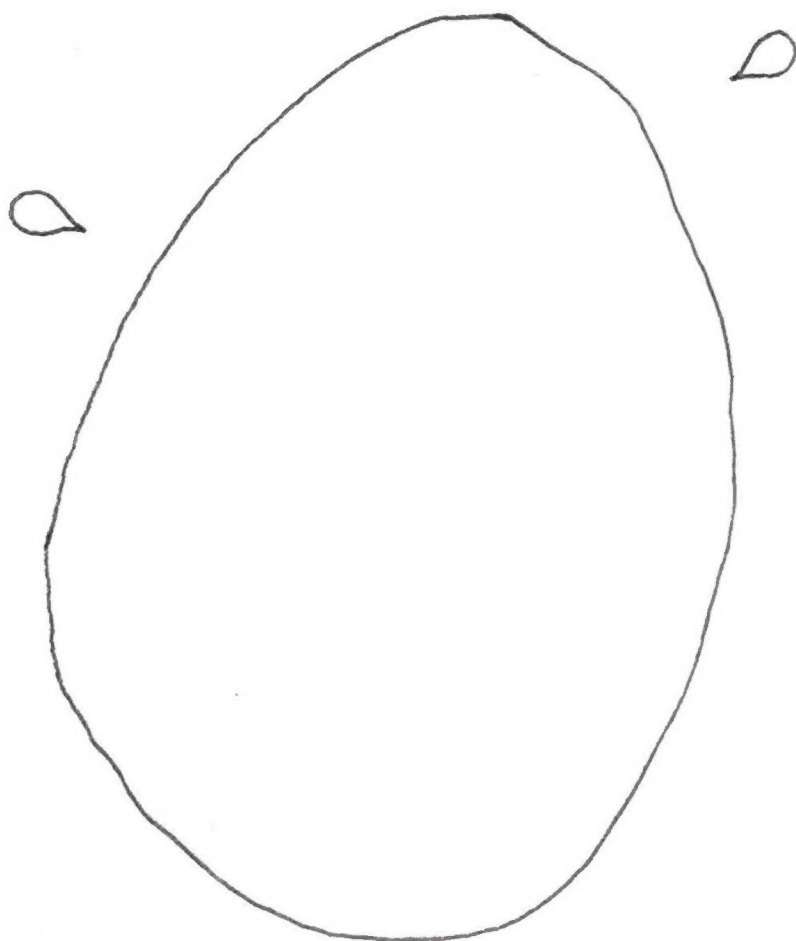


To my Mother, Candy
who taught and fought for my creativity.
To my brother Todd
for whom I wrote many of these poems.
To Theria, who encouraged me
to publish them.
And to everyone who enjoys reading them.

With love and joy,

- D. S. Rogers

I WROTE THIS BEAUTIFUL
BOOK FOR YOU,
FILLED WITH SUNSHINE AND LAUGHTER
AND LOVE IN IT TOO,
PLEASE FLIP THROUGH THESE PAGES
EACH ONE IS FOR YOU,
YOU'LL SEE GOODNESS AND HOPE
AND SOME DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE.



SNIFF

I'LL ALWAYS BE A PLAIN OLD EGG,
AND EVEN THOUGH I BEG AND BEG,
I'LL ALWAYS BE A PLAIN OLD EGG.

I HAVE NO EARS, I HAVE NO EYES,
I HAVE NO MOUTH SO I TELL NO LIES,
I HAVE NO ARMS, I HAVE NO LEGS,
I'LL ALWAYS BE A PLAIN OLD EGG.

CANDY ANN ROBERTA TAFF

CANDY ANN ROBERTA TAFF

LIKED TO TAKE A BUBBLE BATH.

SHE TOOK THE BOTTLE, POURED AND POURED,

'TILL SHE COULD NOT, POUR ANY MORE.

THE BUBBLES REACHED UP TO THE TOP,

SHE FOUND SHE COULD NOT MAKE THEM STOP,

UP TO THE CEILING, IT BROKE DOWN THE DOOR,

DOWN THROUGH THE HALL TO THE KITCHEN FLOOR,

HER MOTHER AND FATHER LET OUT A ROAR!

THE BUBBLES WENT ON AND STARTED TO SOAR,

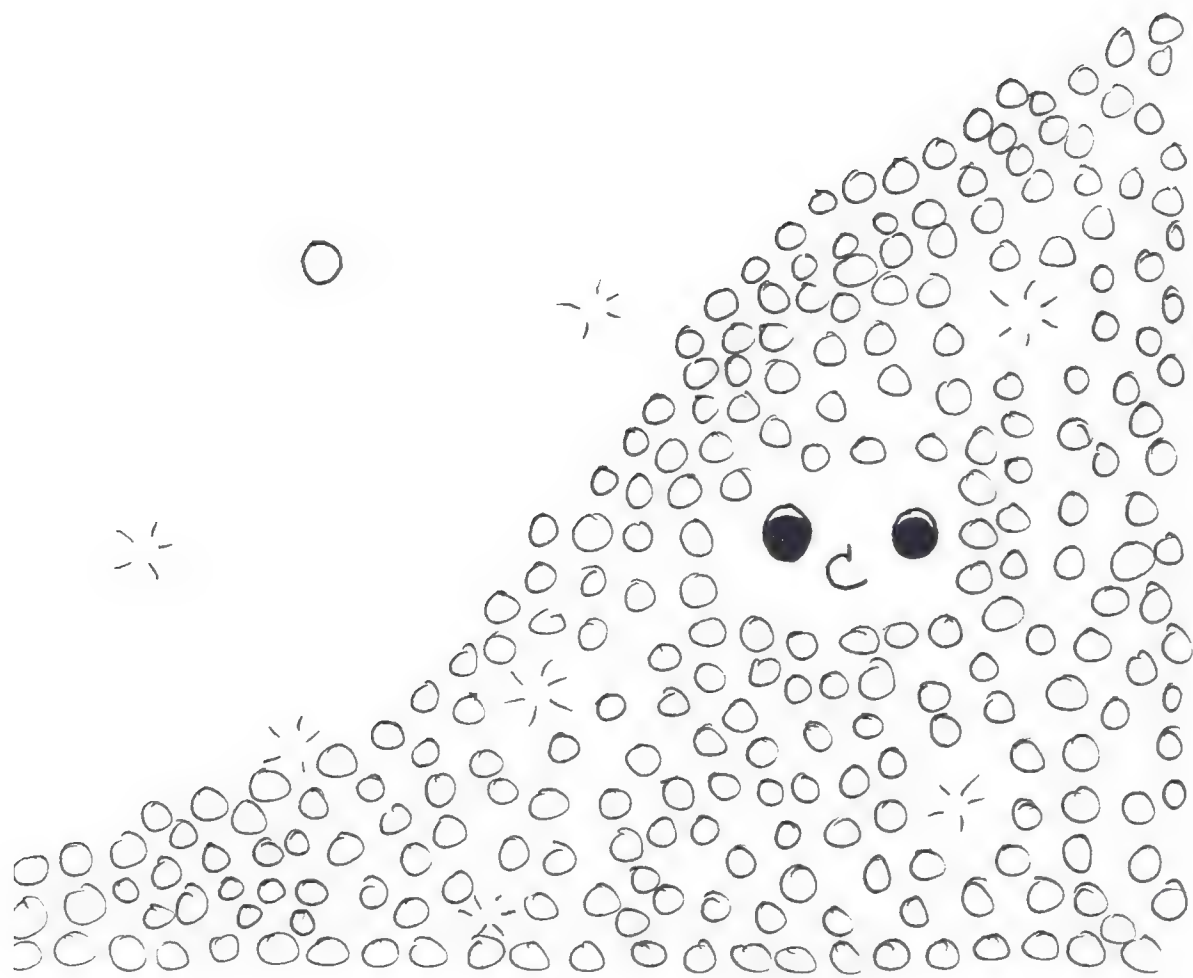
IT WENT OUT OF THE HOUSE, AND BURIED THE TOWN

AND STILL TO THIS DAY, NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

AND ALL THIS HAPPENED JUST BECAUSE-

CANDY ANN ROBERTA TAFF

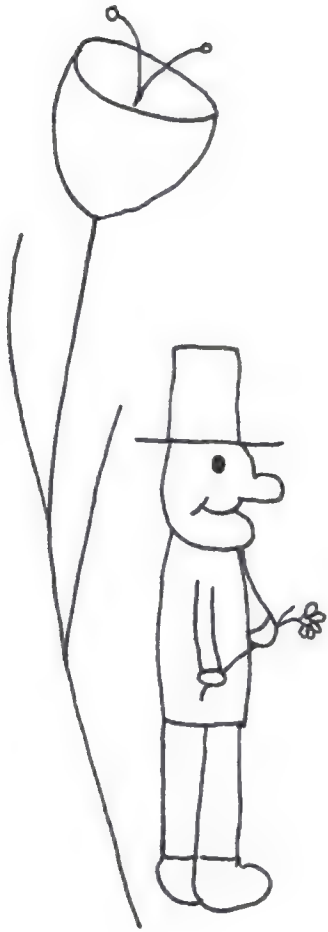
LIKED TO TAKE A BUBBLE BATH.



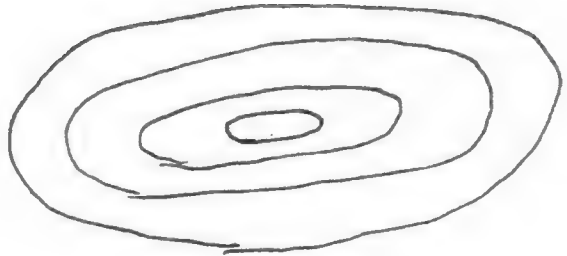
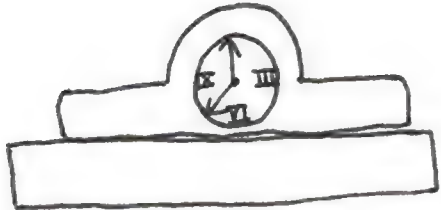
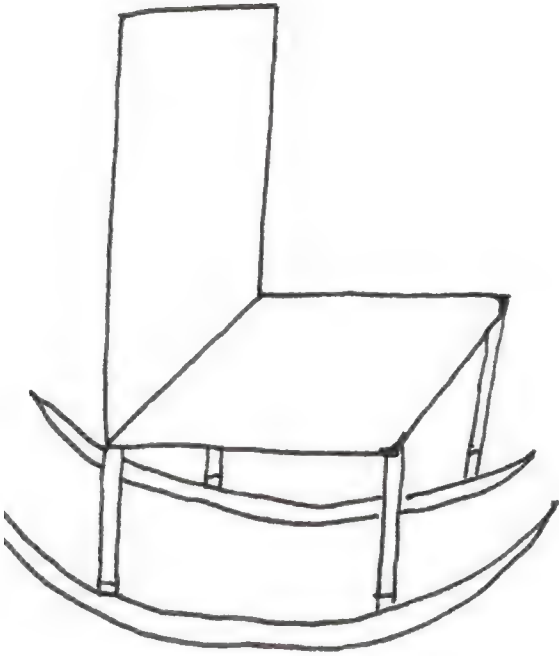
I MIGHT AS WELL
JUST FACE THE FACTS,
MY FRIEND WONT PLAY
A GAME OF JACKS.

OR BOUNCE TO ME
A RUBBER BALL,
BECAUSE MY FRIEND
IS JUST A DOLL.





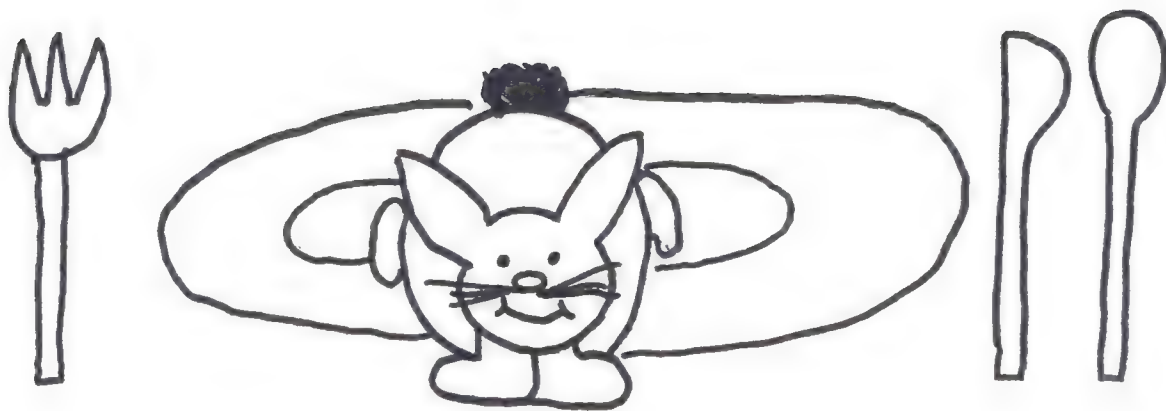
I MET A SMALL ELF MAN
ONCE, UNDER A TREE,
HE WAS SMALLER THAN SMALL
AND AS WEE AS A FLEA.
HE DANCED WITH THE FLOWERS
AND DRANK FROM THE SEA,
HE RODE ON THE BACK
OF A SMALL BUMBLE BEE.
I COULD ONLY SEE HIM,
I ASKED HIM WHY-
THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW OF HIM WAS I.
HE LIFTED HIS BROW
AND THEN LAUGHED AT ME-
BUT BEFORE HE WOULD ANSWER,
HE LEFT WITH THE BREEZE.



NEIGHBORING

THE DEAR OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR,
BECAUSE OF HER AGE, SHE ALWAYS WAS SORE.
SHE MADE ME CAKES AND COOKIES, AND TEA,
HER CHERISHED OLD PHOTOS I LOVED TO SEE.
SHE TOLD MANY OLD TALES WHICH I LOVED TO HEAR,
SHE ROCKED IN HER ROCKER, AND I SAT VERY NEAR.
WE WALKED TO THE PARK, BUT I HAD TO WALK SLOW,
BECAUSE OF HER TIRED AND ACHING OLD BONES.
BUT I CANT GO VISITING ANYMORE-
FOR THE DEAR OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR,
I'M SORRY TO SAY, SHE LIVES THERE NO MORE.

There's a HARE on my plate
not a Hair, but a Hare
He's wigglin' his nose
and just sittin' there.
With his paws in the meat
and his nose in my peas,
and his little white tail
sittin' in my lima beans.
So the next time you find
a Hair on your plate -
Just be quiet, and be glad
its not a Hare but a Hair.





DOO DOO

HAVE YOU EVER STEPPED IN SOME DOO?
ISN'T IT GROSS AND KINDA SQUISHY TOO?
NOW THIS IS THE DOO DOO'S POINT OF VIEW..

HELLO HELLO, I AM SOME DOO,
DO YOU THINK IT'S FUN HERE ON YOUR SHOE?
IT'S NOT.

I LIKE TO SIT THERE IN THE YARD,
UNTIL I GET SO DRY AND HARD.

I LIKE TO SIT AND SMELL THE CLOVER,
INSTEAD OF GETTING WALLED ALL OVER.

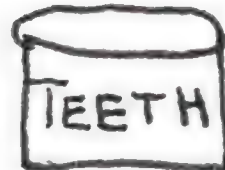
SQUISHED AND MANGLED,
ROLLED AND TANGLED,
DO YOU THINK IT'S FUN GETTING ROLLED AND
TANGLED?

IT'S NOT.

SO BEFORE YOU GO AND STEP IN SOME DOO,
LOOK AT IT FROM THE DOO'S POINT OF VIEW!

NONNIES FALSE TEETH

YONNIE NONNIE CANIDA
DIDN'T HAVE ANY TEETH.
SHE USED TO GUM AND GUM
HER FOOD-
UNTIL SHE COULDN'T BREATHE.
SHE GOT SOME FALSE ONES-
LICKETY SPLIT-
BUT SAID THEY ONLY TASTED,
LIKE OLD SPIT.
NONNIE SNEEZED ONE DAY-
SHE DIDN'T COVER HER MOUTH.
YOU CAN GUESS WHAT HAPPENED,
HER TEETH FELL OUT!
SHE COULDN'T EAT CARROTS,
SHE COULDN'T EAT PEAS,
SHE COULDN'T BEND OVER,
OR SAY "PRETTY PLEASE"
POOR NONNIE
COULDN'T DO A THING,
SHE HAD TO FLOSS HER TEETH
WITH STRING.
WHEN NONNIE TOOK
HER FALSE TEETH OUT
HER LITTLE FACE SCRUNCHED UP-
SHE GUMMED ALL NIGHT
IN HER SLEEP-
AND KEPT THEM IN A CUP.



ONE NIGHT SHE MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE,
SHE MISTOOK THE TOILET FOR A CUP,
WE WAVED GOODBYE,
AND WATCHED IN SHAME,
AS THEY WERE SLOWLY FLUSHED.

POOR NONNIE
WILL SHE EVER LEARN?
WILL SHE EVER EAT?
TUNE IN TOMORROW
FOR THE CONCLUSION OF

NONNIES FALSE TEETH.



HENRIETTA GIBSON STOUT

HENRIETTA GIBSON STOUT,
LIKED TO WANDER ALL ABOUT.

SHE WONDERED NEAR, SHE WONDERED FAR,
SHE WONDERED TILL SHE REACHED A STAR.

ACROSS A FIELD, AND DOWN THE LANE,
UP A TREE AND ON A PLANE.

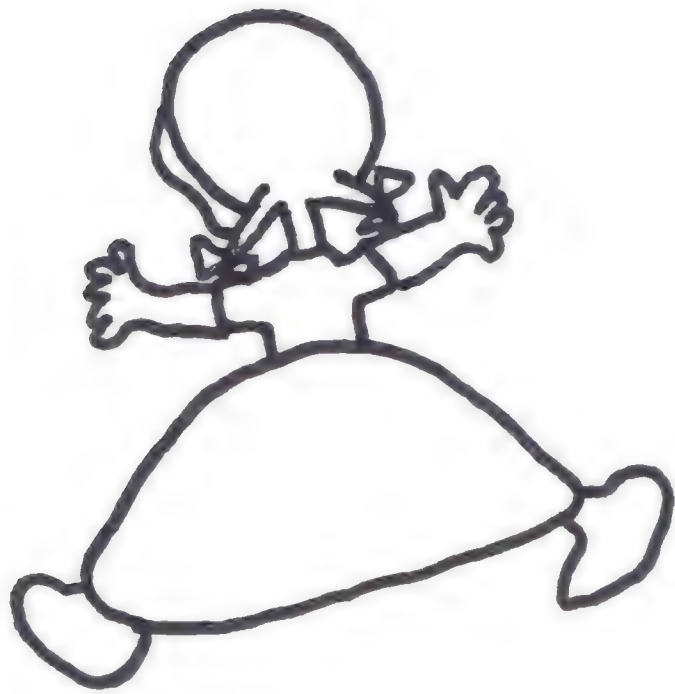
OVER THERE AND OVER HERE,
BY THE BAY AND ON THE PIER.

THROUGH THE HOUSE AND IN THE YARD,
DOWN THE STREET AND ON THE CARS.

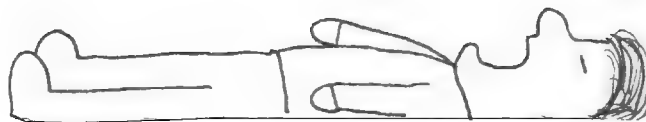
THROUGH THE ZOO, AND BY A CAGE,
BY A LION IN A RAGE.

BY A HUNGRY ALLIGATOR,
WHO LICKED HIS CHOPS, AND QUICKLY ATE HER.

POOR HENRIETTA GIBSON STOUT,
NOW SHE CAN'T WANDER ALL ABOUT.



UP THERE, HANGING OVER MY BED,
A SPIDER! OH I'M SURELY DEAD,
FOR HE'S LICKING HIS CHOPS
PREPARING TO DROP,
AND DINE UPON MY HEAD!!!!!!



zzzzzz

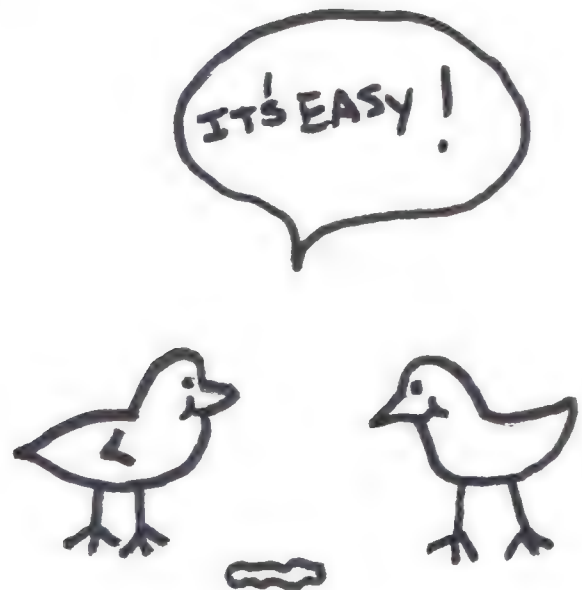
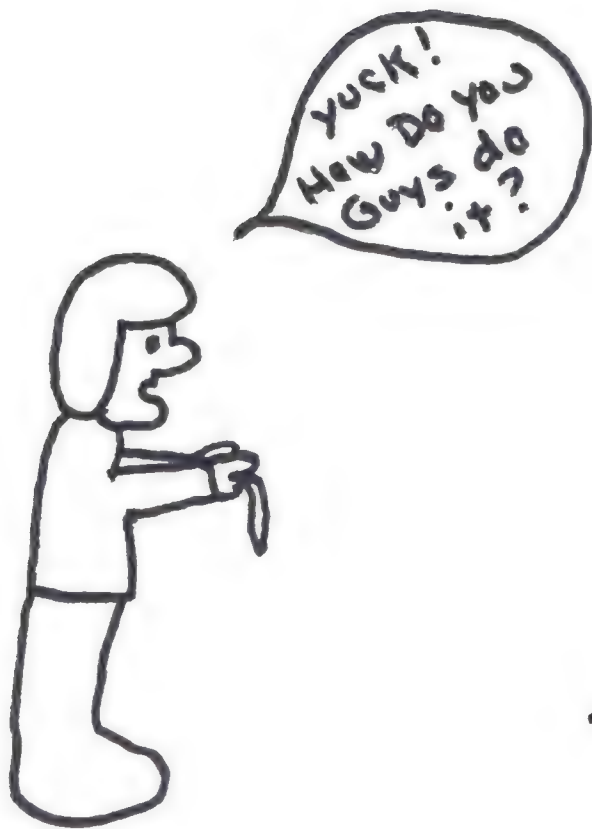


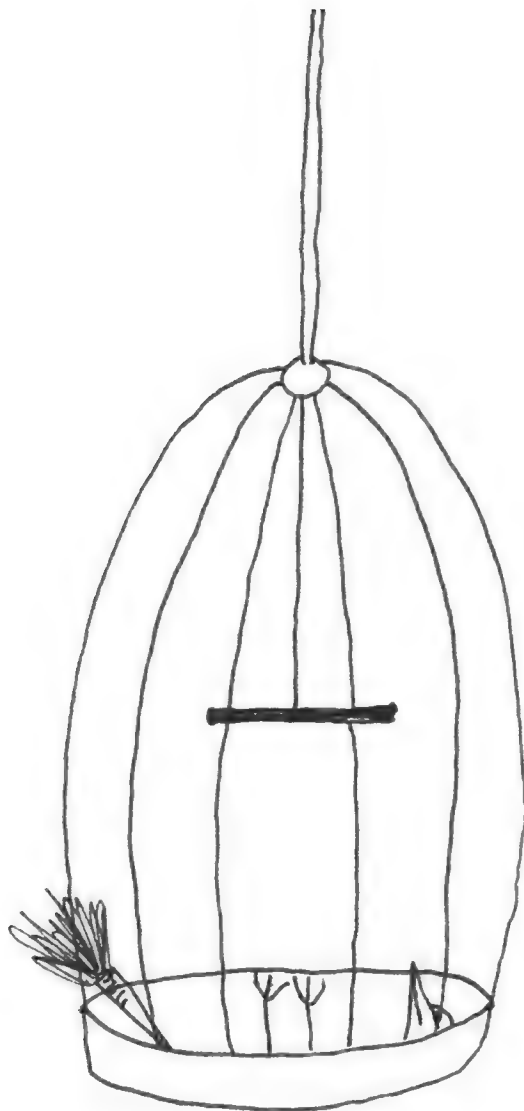


HOLY TERROR
GRETCHEN THE KITTEN
LOOKS IN MY MITTEN.
PEEKS IN THE STOVE
LITTLE BLACK NOSE.
SITS IN MY SHOE
TIPS OVER GLUE.
FALLS IN THE SOUP
SHE'S SUCH A SNOOP!
SCRATCHES THE COUCH
TERROR IN HOUSE.
CHEWS UP THE PLANTS
CHASES SOME ANTS.
LEAVES ME A PUDDLE

THEN WANT'S TO SNUGGLE?

I WISH THAT I COULD BE A BIRD
AND FLY WITHOUT A CARE,
THEY DON'T HAVE TO RENT A HOUSE
THEY LIVE IN THE AIR!
THEY LAUGH AND SING
AND PLAY ALL DAY,
THEY DON'T GO TO WORK!
MAKING ALL THEIR LOOP-THE-LOOPS
AND NEVER GETTING HURT.
I WISH THAT I COULD FLY THROUGH SKIES
STEADILY AND FIRM,
THERE'S JUST ONE LITTLE PROBLEM THOUGH,
I COULDN'T EAT A WORM!





THERE ONCE WAS A PARROT
WHO LIKED TO EAT CARROTS,
WHILE SITTING UPON HIS FINE PERCH.
HE GULPED DOWN THE CARROT
BUT JUST COULDN'T BEAR IT,
AND THAT WAS THE END OF THE PARROT.

It's Not Too Late-
She always said
with a toss of her skirt
and a twist of her head.

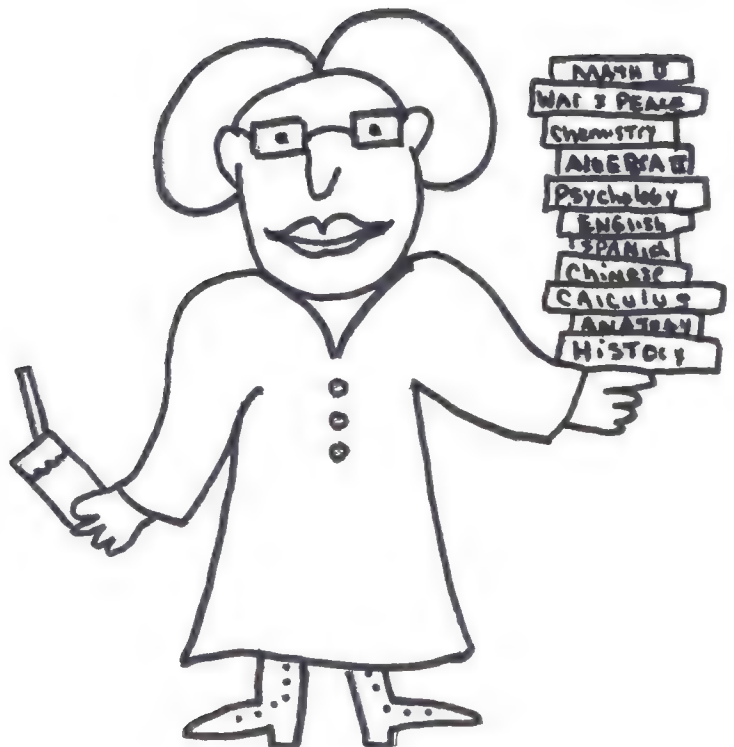
She was sixty two!
And said "she's no fool"
to get her degree
at the local high school.

Everyone stared
as she marched with a stride
all through the halls
with her books by her side.

"It's not too late
people, all it takes-
is the courage inside
and chocolate milkshakes!"

She told us goodbye,
gave each one a kiss,
and promised her that,
we'd remember this:

Whatever it is that you wanted to do-
its not too late if you really want to!



DRIPPY ICE CREAM

DRIPPY ICE CREAM HERE AND THERE,

BY MY MOUTH AND IN MY HAIR.

DRIPPING DRIPPING (IN MY LAP!)

I THINK I NEED A NAPKIN.

DRIPPING DOWN MY LEG AND SHOES,

NOW I'VE REALLY GOT THE BLUES.

DRIPPING DRIPPING, DRIP DRIP DRIP,

LICKING LICKING, LICK LICK LICK.

BALANCING STEADILY ON MY CONE,

I WISH I HADN'T COME ALONE!



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OH MY GOSH
TIMBER!!!!!!

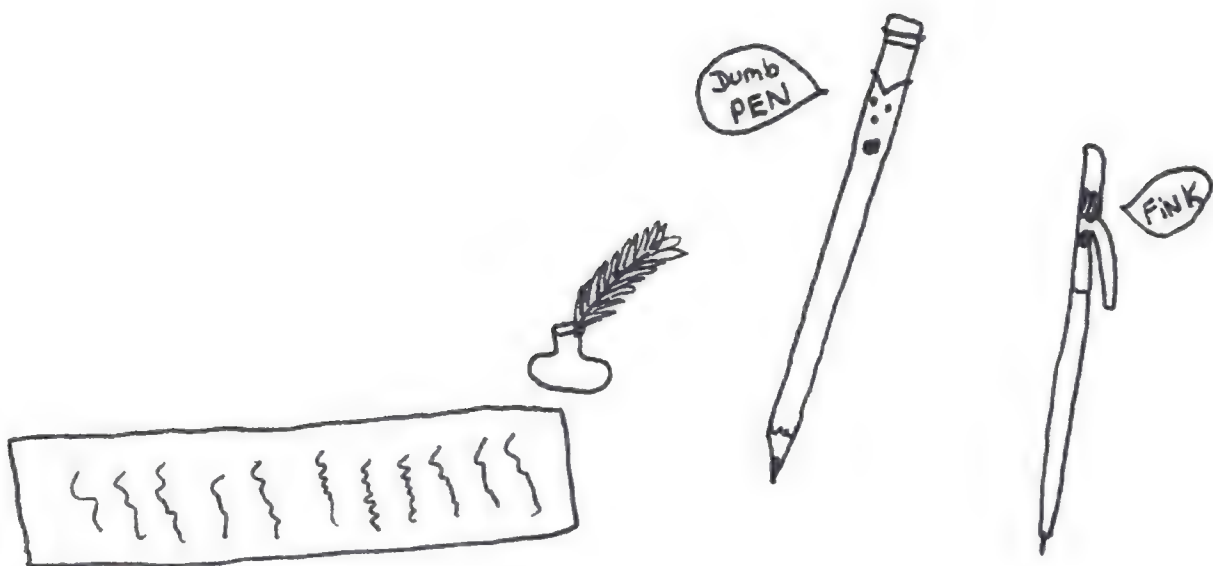


GOULIANNA LOLA KOEZ

GOULIANNA LOLA KOEZ
LIKES TO PLAY OUT IN THE SNOW,
ALL DAY SHE STANDS IN THE GARDEN AND HOES,
GOULIANNA LOLA KOEZ.
ONE DAY SHE WENT OUTSIDE TO HOE,
WITHOUT SOME CLOTHES.
AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW, IT SNOWS.
POOR GOULIANNA LOLA KOEZ-
SHE FROZE!

I'M SORRY THAT I DID NOT WRITE,
MY PEN AND PENCIL HAD A FIGHT.
THE PEN BROKE MY PENCIL'S LEAD,
MY PENCIL HIT HIM IN THE HEAD.
THE PENCIL SPILLED MY PEN'S INK,
THE PEN THEN CALLED THE PENCIL FINK!

WHAT A BATTLE I DID SEE,
IT LASTED ALMOST SIX WHOLE WEEKS.
I FINALLY SAID THIS HAS TO STOP,
AND THAT THE SUBJECT HAD TO DROP.
THEY NOW ARE BOTH TEN TIMES BETTER,
SO THAT'S WHY I'M WRITING YOU THIS LETTER.

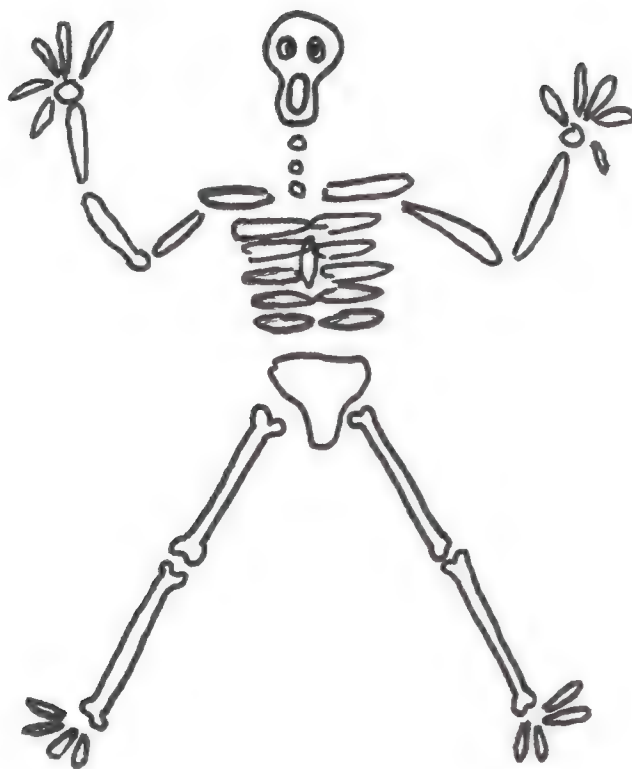


MY SHOE WONT UNTIE
I THINK I MAY CRY,
OH I DON'T KNOW WHY
MY SHOW WON'T UNTIE.

I TIED IT IN A DOUBBLEE KNOT
SO I WOULDN'T TRIP OVER THE STRINGS,
THEN TRIPPLEE TIED IT
FOR EXTRA INSURANCE-
HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS THING?



WHO HAS SKELETONS IN THEIR CLOSETS?
NOT ME
NOT ME
BETTER LOOK TWICE, 'CAUSE IT'S HALLOWEEN!
BOO



What a marvelous day today,
that once-a-year-only Thanksgiving parade!

Floats by the MILLIONS,
balloons on a string,
clowns, lots of candy,
and TURKEYS THAT SING!

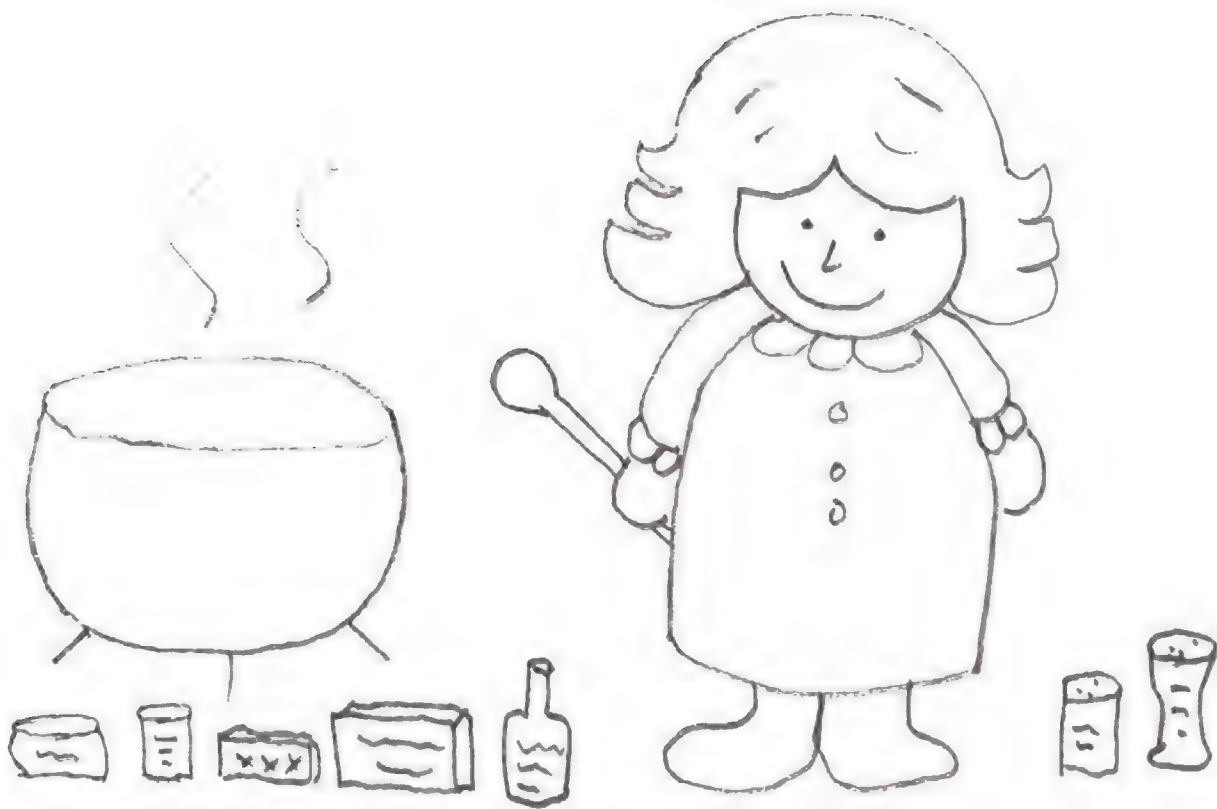
ZILLIONS of things

I can't wait to see,
my mom and my dad
are taking me!

Each year is different
no one is the same,
but now it's been cancelled,
because of the rain.



Look out everybody!
As you might guess-
Candy's in the kitchen
And she's gonna make a mess!
When Candy's in the kitchen
We all run and hide,
We never know later
What we just might find.
"I'm a master of cuisine!" she says
What kind we'll never know,
Never measuring precisely
Just-cooking as she throws.
It always comes out burnt
or blue or once it was alive,
If we don't put a stop to her
I think we all may die!



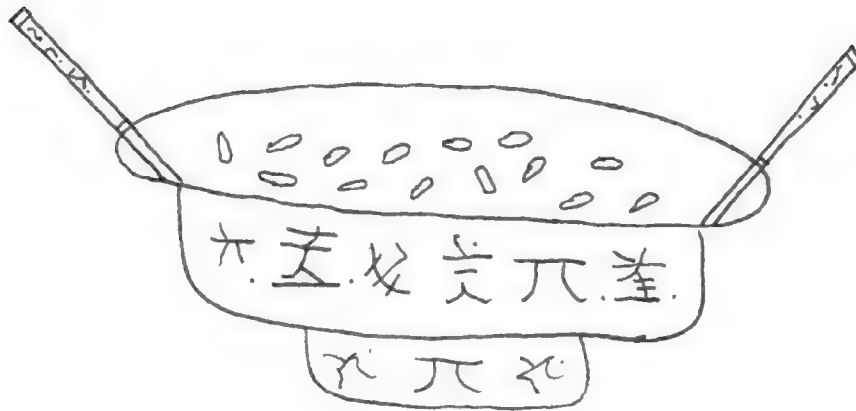
yuck



Sourkraut, you are so stringy,
people who eat you must be dingy.
You make me barf, you make me gag,
You taste like dirty, dingy rags.
You taste like rusty barbed wire,
if I were your boss, you WOULD be fired.
You smell like icky grungy cork,
especially when you're on my fork.

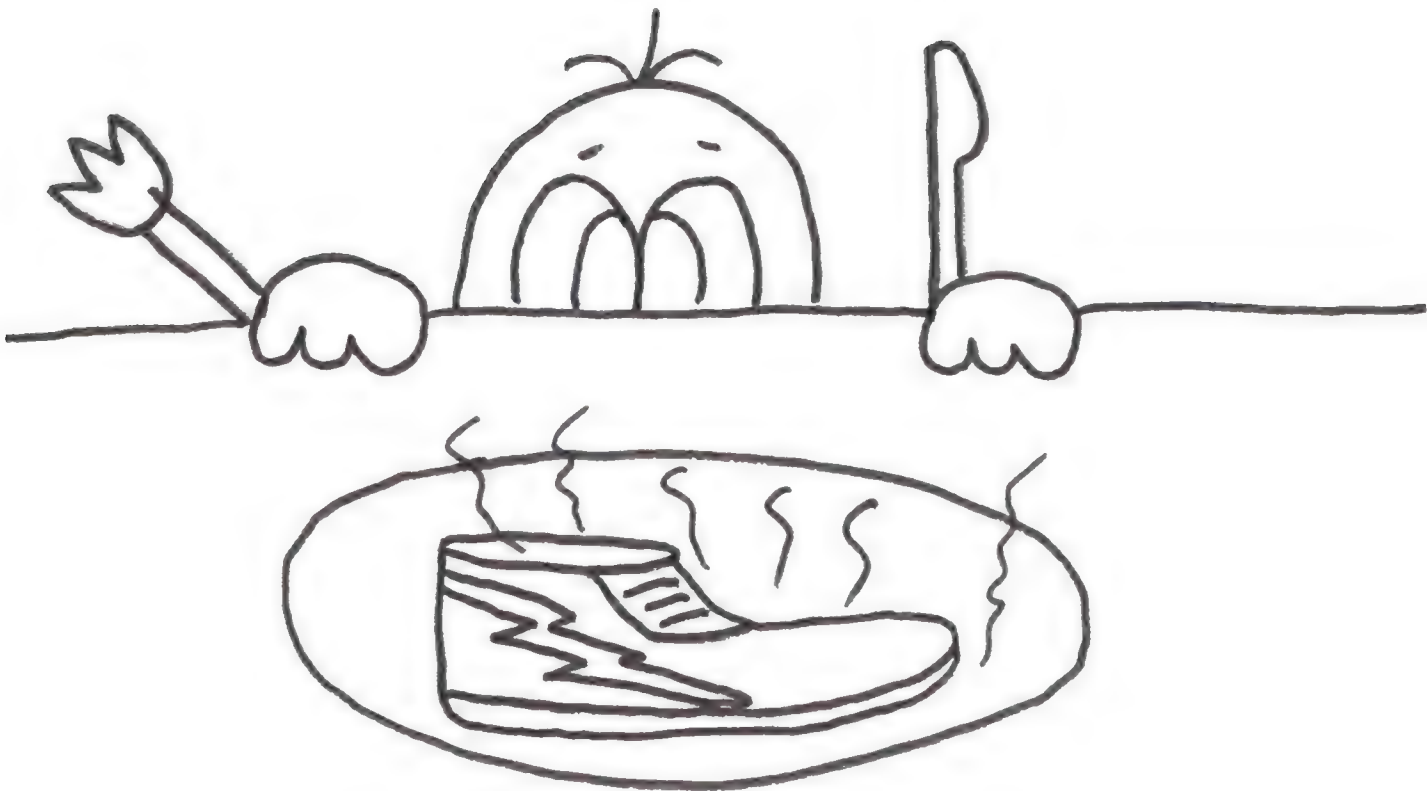
And

When no one else is around,
not anywhere to be found,
I quickly grab the little pan
AND THROW YOU IN the garbage can!



RICE, RICE,
YOU LOOK LIKE LICE,
SITTING UPON MY PLATE,
AND EVEN THOUGH,
YOU LOOK SO LOW,
YOU REALLY DO TASTE GREAT!

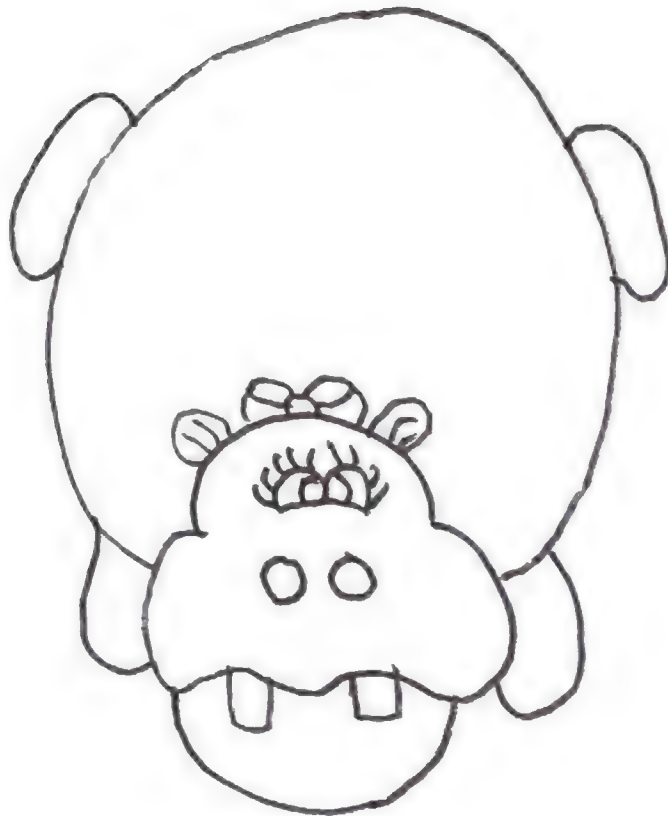
My name is Lue, my name is Lue,
I love to eat old smelly shoes,
And because I do-
I can't speak to you-
'cause now I've got the flu.

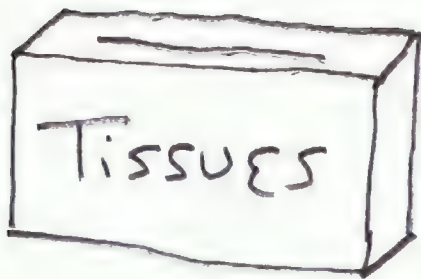


I have a hippopotamus,
I keep her in my room.
She lives on chocolate chip cookies
and cream of mushroom soup.
We laugh and sing and play all night
and when it's time for school,
she goes outside and tries to hide
in our swimming pool.

When I come home
we sneak away
to the field behind our house,
to see if we can find our friend
Beeatrice the mouse!

Then when mom calls
its time for bed
I put on an act to fuss.
For when the lights are out
and I crawl in bed-
there's hippopotamus!





AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO'S NOT?

Father's sick, and mother's sick.

So is sis and bro,

Am I the only one who's not?

I think so.

Father is in bed with flu,

Mother has it too.

Sis is sitting on the pot,
for she has got the runs.

Brother needs a tissue,
to wipe away the snot.

FLU, POT, RUNS, AND SNOT,
AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO'S NOT?

My mother and my father
used to go around braggin'
that they had a speckled puppy
under a little red wagon.

I just couldn't understand it
I looked everywhere,
for the puppy and the wagon
but they just weren't there!

I looked inside the closets
I looked underneath the bed,
I searched around the yard
I looked inside the shed.

I looked all around for paw prints
I listened for their patter,
but I couldn't find a puppy
or the wagon for that matter!

I just don't understand it
Oh- maybe you can see,
They are nowhere to be found
There's just me-





